

Written for the Sunday Morning Bazar.
THE VOICE OF NATURE.

BY LEON.

There is a glory trembling
O'er vale and hills, resembling
The rosy tints that play o'er burnished gold;
As beautiful day in fleeting,
Like an angel bright, retreating,
Had dropped her robe in many a fluttering fold.

The purpled sky glows tender,
Save where, with dappled splendor,
'Tis templed by the clouds' fantastic curl;
Like a vault, all radiant, golden,
Of a throne in ages olden,
It bends above in hues that flowers unfurl.

The hills, in ruffled beauty,
Be fitting well their duty,
The dreaming stillness of the vale enfold.
A cataract's burnished glory
Leaps from the cliffs all hoary,
Save where they lie embalm'd in sunset's gold.

The stream, in oft-veiled sparkling,
—Enshrin'd by flowers and dawning—
Flows onward, ever widening to the sea;
And there its rippled motion
Fades into the vast old ocean,
As life in Death, Time in Eternity.

O vale! earth's bosom flocking,
As bright as a jewel's decking,
My soul thrills with the tale that thou hast told
Of life,—its youthful glory,
Of life,—its aged story,
O theme forever sung, yet never old!

A stream by flowers enshrined,
A stream of beauties lined,
Is childhood; yet, alas! O changing scene!
First 'tis a joyous fountain,
That leaps adown the mountain,
'Mid glories age doth dream hath never seen.

But as the stars of morning
Are lost in the adorning,
That from the awakening sun in beauty glow,
So years dim youthful splendor,
And childhood's joys so tender,
Fade like the bloom that blushes o'er the rose.

The hopes, that lie entombed,
Like flowers, that fade ere bloom'd,
In youthful hearts, are fantasies born of skies,
That purple o'er their being,
In flushings, that are fleeing
Forever, yet, anon new phantoms rise.

Until Time's moulding fingers
Hath changed the scene, then lingers
A pall adown our skies' once rosy light.
E'en now the vale is darkening!
O shades! if to thee harkening,
Thy voice proclaims, Life, hopes and joys, have night.

Man's thoughts on airy pinions,
Fly upward to dominions,
Where wheeling spheres blaze round their starry orbs;
To where God's Throne of brightness,
Doth burn in jeweled whiteness;
But here droops wing; itself its power absorbs.

As th' flowery odors blending,
Ne'er mount you hills, ascending,
So Thought but gambols in its lesser sphere.
O Thought! Who winged thy being,
To soar e'en thus far seeing?
Thy powers to His, as vales to worlds, appear.

I trace life's youthful glory,
And read its aged story.
In the beautiful vale, the hills, and blushing sky.
O Nature! in thy voicing,
Shall I find my rejoicing;
To thee I'll sing and praise our God thereby!

SEDALIA, Mo., April, 1887.

MISSOURI PATENTS.

List of patents granted to the citizens of Missouri for the week ending Saturday, April 9th, as furnished from the office of E. C. Seward, solicitor of patents and counsellor in patent causes, 914 F street Washington, D. C.

C. W. Beehler, St. Louis, Box fastener.

W. M. Bowman, Palo Pinto, Device for opening and closing furnace doors.

G. B. Brownson, North Springfield, Pipe bending machine.

C. Danwalter, Deep Water, Metalic seam.

J. Donaldson, St. Louis, Tree box.

S. C. Ellis, St. Louis, Tricycle.

J. E. England, Humansville, Bedstead.

S. A. Harryman, Sedalia, Foot warmer for stoves.

R. B. Heuchan and S. A. Mason, Commerce, Burial casket.

Jean Jameton, St. Louis, Fire proof floor.

A. K. Johnson, St. Louis, White lead cooler.

F. Meeker, St. Louis, Sheet metal ceiling, wall or panel.

W. Mueller, St. Louis, Corset fastening.

K. Sken, Kansas City, Gate.

H. L. Strong, Schell City, Evaporator.

I. P. Walden, St. Louis, Wagon body.

LABELS.

Christian & Piazza, Kansas City, "El perservativo Cubano."

B. C. Steele, St. Louis, Steele's Little Bile Pills.

—My daughter was troubled with Heart Disease for five years, given up by physicians, had sinking spells, constant pain, great swelling over her heart extending to left arm, and severe spells of neuralgia, extending over entire body, doctors could not help her. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator cured her within three months.—Jas. Tilton, Concord, N. H. \$1 per bottle at druggists.

—Take the Weekly Bazar.

THE STORY OF A TRAMP.

He Makes a Long Journey to Join a Brother in Omaha.

Unused to Western Ways He is Killed on the Way.

Those who attended police court last Thursday morning will remember seeing among the prisoners two tramps, who, in addressing the court, used a broken dialect not often heard in such places. One of them, John Schmidt, claimed to be a Hungarian. He was tall and well-built, with a countenance that did not indicate the depravity or viciousness, or yet the cowed and haunted look that characterizes the genius tramp as a rule. The other, John Kirschnak, claimed to be an Austrian. He was a large, powerful young man, with a physique that showed strength, endurance, and a power to accomplish any amount of manual labor. He spoke very broken English, but had a countenance of an honest, well meaning,

GOOD NATURED FELLOW.

The evidence in court showed that the two men had been traveling together, that they had been arrested that morning while preparing their breakfast at the side of the railroad track in the southeast part of the city, this being a sort of rendezvous for tramps. After hearing the evidence and the statements of the prisoners, who claimed to be without money, Judge Levens discharged them on condition that they should at once leave town. In conversation with a Bazar scribe after his release, Kirschnak stated that he had been a soldier

IN THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.

He was at home on a furlough or rather as a member of the reserve. When the war talk, caused a likely hood of the reserve being called into duty for active service again. Having no military aspirations Kirschnak threw up his job in a brewery and started to the sea coast with the intention of coming to America and joining his brother, Wilhelm Kirschnak, whom he said was a merchant at Omaha, Nebraska. When he started he had in his possession what would make about \$250 in American money. On his way out he was twice arrested and it cost him about \$100 to

REGAIN HIS FREEDOM.

Finally reaching the coast and being unable to secure a pass port he boarded an American vessel in company with one of its sailors, who for \$20 agreed to secrete him until the vessel was at sea. On the third day out he made his presence known to the captain and told his story, offering him \$50 to bring him to America. The captain accepted, and in due time Kirschnak was landed at Castle Garden as an immigrant. His funds were low, but he

MANAGED TO PURCHASE A TICKET

as far as Cincinnati, Ohio. From there he had joined the great army of tramps, and soon learned how to beat his way by cross roads and railroads, always keeping his face to the west. Arrived at St. Louis, he again met misfortune, being arrested as a vagrant he served thirty days in the work house. On his release, he again started west, and at Pacific City, fell in with his companion Schmidt, from there they started west on foot.

AT CHAMONIS,

They stowed themselves away in a box car and reached Sedalia Wednesday night. They were preparing to leave when they were again arrested. "But I will get to my brother yet," said Kirschnak, as he left.

Yesterday morning the Bazar made mention of the killing of a tramp at Lamonte, and probably but for Kirschnak's talk to the reporter nothing would ever have been known as to his history. For it was Kirschnak who was the victim. In company with Schmidt and another companion, picked up after leaving the police court, Kirschnak had stowed himself away

IN A BOX CAR

loaded with ties. The ties were piled length-ways of the car with a space between them and the end of the car, in this vacancy the tramps were stowed. In due time the car started west. At Lamonte some switching was done. The cars, as is often the case, were allowed to come together very hard. The concussion drove one of the ties against Kirschnak head, pinning it to the end of the car and crushing out his brains. His companion, Schmidt, was badly hurt. The other tramp escaped injury and gave the alarm. Poor Kirschnak was taken out quite dead and laid on the platform. His tramp was ended, but he had not reached his brother. An inquest was held. Six dollars was found on his person. It was expended for a coffin, and the mangled body was laid away in a strange land far from friends and kindred. And thus ends the story of a tramp of two continents.

Buttons, Buttons, Who Has the Buttons.

David Kelsey, who resides in East Sedalia, has a baby boy about ten months old, who is admitted at the beginning of this article to look just like his father and to be the smartest boy baby of his age in Sedalia. Yesterday morning the child was sitting on the floor, playing with five or six big coat buttons on a string, and taking an occasional nibble at an apple to bring out his first crop of teeth. Mrs. Kelsey and a neighbor were talking away as only women can gossip, when the baby hid the buttons under a mat and started to finish the apple. A bit of the skin got into his throat, and he gave a cough and a whoop and pawed the air and rolled over on his head. "Oh, them buttons!" he has swallowed them buttons!" cried the mother as she yanked him up and shook him. "Pound him on the back!" yelled the other women, trying to hold the baby's legs still. "Run for the neighbors!" cried Mrs. Kelsey. "Oh, he'll die! he'll die!" screamed the other, as she ran out. And the neighbors come in and made him lie on his stomach and cough, and then turned him on his back and rubbed his stomach, and jugged him about in all sorts of ways until he got mad and he went to howling. Then a boy ran for Kelsey and Kelsey ran for Doctor James Carter and the doctor came and choked the baby, and ordered sweet oil and a mustard plaster, and told them to hold him on his back. Everybody knew that those six big buttons were lodged in the baby's throat, because he was red in the face, and because he strangled as he howled and wept. They poured down sweet oil and put mustard plasters across him the mother said she could never forgive herself. Hendricks drove by calling out: "Fresh spring water!" and the scissors man went by shouting, "Sharp! sharp!" but the distressed crowd held the baby down and shed their tears over his whole length. The doctor was looking serious and Kelsey was thinking that he hadn't done anything to deserve such a blow, when one of the women pushed the mat and discovered the buttons. Then everybody laughed and danced and they kicked the sweet oil bottle under the bed, threw the mustard plaster at Doctor Carter, and Mrs. Kelsey hugged the howling angel to her bosom and called him her "wopsy, topsy, hopsy, dropsy, popsy, little cherub."

Another Burglar Around.

Yesterday evening as Frank Barnett was returning home from the shops at 5 p. m. he was accosted near Keck's furniture factory by a trampish looking individual, who wanted to sell him some knives and sleeve buttons. Young Barnett examined the goods and making an appointment to meet the fellow at Mrs. Curran's, where he said he would stop, went on home and informed his father, acting Marshall Barnett. After supper Mr. Barnett visited Mrs. Curran and finding the man took him in charge. He stated to the marshal that he had bought the goods at Washington from a boy who was going east, and claimed that he purchased one dozen knives for eighty cents and ten pair of sleeve buttons for forty cents. He admitted that he believed the goods were stolen at the time of the purchase, but had bought them in the presence of witnesses. Half a dozen of the knives he had sold to a man at California, and the balance he had. Marshall Barnett took him to the various stores which have recently lost goods, but as no one identified the goods the prisoner was released. He claims to be a printer in search of work, and says the boy had a number of other articles, among which was some silk handkerchiefs. Among the knives, the man arrested had in his possession was two tortoise shell handle "burglar knives" with a pick and saw blade and a short hook blade for cutting holes. The articles are all of a cheap quality, but the fellow claimed that the half dozen knives sold at California for \$1.75 were worth \$5, and of superior quality.

For the relief and cure of the inflammation and congestion called "a cold in the head" there is more potency in Ely's Cream Balm than in anything else it is possible to prescribe. This preparation has for years been making a brilliant success as a remedy for cold in the head, catarrh of the nose, and in the initial stages of these complaints Cream Balm prevents any serious development of the symptoms, while almost numberless cases are on record of radical cures of chronic catarrh and hay fever after all other modes of treatment have proved of no avail.

At Auction Sale—Stock of Drugs, Groceries and Fixtures.

Will be sold, in bulk, to the highest bidder, Tuesday, April 26th, 1887. The above stock is in store house, on lot 11, block 7, in the town of Green Ridge, Mo. Terms of sale: \$1,000 cash, balance, 12 months at 8 per cent, approved note. Sale will be on the premises between the hours of 10 a. m. and 3 p. m. C. D. RAYBURN. 4-17d-7c-wlt April 16th, 1887.

YOUNG ROGUES.

Conkle, Davis and Mulligan Get Off with Twenty Days in Jail.

The Trial of the Young Rogues Develops a Bad State of Affairs.

A Letter From Chas. Himburg—The Tills of the Sedalia Kids.

Justice Halstead's court room was pretty well filled with young hoodlums yesterday afternoon, who came to hear the evidence in the trial of Charles Conkle, George Davis and Peter Mulligan, charged with burglarizing Mr. Wiprecht's store in East Sedalia. The boys were arraigned at 2 p. m., and pleaded not guilty. The stolen goods, or at least as much of them as has been found, were produced into court and the testimony showed conclusively their guilt, it being pretty much as stated in the Bazar at the time of their arrest. Davis and Mulligan, however, varied their story from that told at the police station by claiming that instead of being en route to Pittsburg they were going to Kansas City to find work. During the trial among other papers produced, and which were taken from Conkle, was a letter from Chas. Himburg, a well known young tough from Sedalia, who rode 200 miles on the trucks of a passenger train. The letter was written in the thief vernacular, and as it treats of several boys who formerly resided in Sedalia, it is herewith given in full:

LOS ANGELES, CAL. April 20th.

Friend Charlie:

I take my pencil to let you know I got your kind and welcome letter not long ago. I am well and hope when these few lines reach you, it will find you all the same. I am working in Pasadena, Cal. I worked two weeks at \$5 a week and he would not give me a raise and I quit. Enoch is in Pasadena. He was over here yesterday, it is on a nine miles over there. Burt McCabe he thought he was foxy and tried to have me and Kid Dwyer ditched for making him beg a pair of shoes, and he got ditched himself. He staid in jail about three weeks and then he was sent to the boys' and girls' aid society at San Francisco. He beat it and come back, and he was going with a stiff, and Kid could not snare him any more. He is nearly crazy about him. I don't guess he will get out very soon. This is the last letter you will get from this town. I am going to New Orleans, as I got a letter from Ben. How is all the kids getting along? Did Sulia get a letter from me? If she hasn't answered it yet, tell her not to answer it till I write again. Tell Squint that Kid lost Burt. The weather is fine here now, all of the flowers are in bloom. Kid has got another Kid. He is a dandy; he can beg more in one day than Burt could in a week. It is the Runt Kid; he ain't half as big as Burt is. Burt is punk. Conk don't let everybody read my letters. If you do I will get even with you. Don't let Frank or any of the family read them. Do not answer this letter. So it is getting late and this is all I can see to write about. So I will bring my letter to a close, so good-bye. Yours truly, C. HIMBURG.

P. S.—Be sure and get this little "peice" of paper about Burt, he was sent back to the aid society yesterday, so good-bye.

At the close of the trial, after usual bemoaning on the part of the justice and the prosecuting attorney, of the absence of a county work house and the usual stereotypic remarks of his honor about hating to punish the county, the boys were given a lecture and sentenced to twenty days each in jail.

—All cases of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, &c., will find relief by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents.

School Board Meeting.

At the meeting of the school board Friday afternoon, at the office of the secretary, after the allowance of a number of bills, the following committees for the ensuing year were announced:

Teachers—Mertz, Montgomery, Harter.

Rules and regulations—Harter, Fast, Sampson.

Text books—Fast, Sampson, Mertz.

Buildings and grounds—Montgomery, Mertz, Fast.

Janitors and supplies—Mertz, Montgomery, Sampson.

Auditing—Sampson, Harter, Fast.

Library—Montgomery, Sampson, Richardson.

John L. Tritt was appointed to take the enumeration of children.

—Palpitation of the heart, nervousness, tremblings, nervous headache, cold hands and feet, pain in the back, and other forms of weakness are relieved by Carter's Iron Pills, made especially for the blood, nerves and complexion.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child; softens the gums, allays all pains, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. 7-3leod&wly

—Hamilton, Page, Fisher and Chapell the four leading strikers and dynamiters yesterday had their photos taken in a group as a souvenir for their friends. Quite a number of the noble order are anxious to secure a copy.

Helping the Horses.

There was a genuine case of Irish ingenuity, such as is commonly ascribed to the race in wit items, occurred yesterday. A couple of Irish farmers from the north part of the county were in town with a team and desired to take home an extra wagon. To accomplish this a rope was attached to the tongue of the wagon, and mounting the box of the other wagon, one of the men held the rope while the other one drove the team. Passing up Missouri avenue, the hoodlums had a time jibbing the outfit. "Why don't you tie your rope to the rod?" called a passer.

"To the Devil wid ye" said Pat, "the horses have enough to do to pull me and the one wagon."

When Clay street was reached the hind wagon went into the gutter and pulled the humane Pat from his place to the ground.

"To the Devil wid yer humanity," he said, as he scratched the dirt from himself, "the team can pull the two wagons or leave them and I'll walk" and tying the wagons together, he trudged on afoot and the team went on.

VICTORIA'S FIFTIETH.

Her Semi-Centennial Regnant Year in the Queen City.

The Junior Lyceum of the Broadway school had some interesting exercises Friday afternoon, between two and four o'clock, the occasion being devoted to the semi-centennial of Queen Victoria's reign in England. The junior room of the high school was tastefully decorated with potted plants and bric-a-brac—the blackboards being adorned with mottoes and drawings by Minnie Gottschalk, Ida Mason, Clara Heydingsfelder, Ernest Clark, and others.

Otto Jacobs presided and introduced the exercises by announcing that since Victoria's approaching fiftieth anniversary of reigning over Great Britain was attracting so much attention, not only in her own land, but elsewhere, the Junior Lyceum deemed it appropriate to devote its last session to the English queen and the noted men of her reign.

Stella Knapp gave a very pretty picture of the young girl only eighteen years old who was suddenly called upon to wield one of the mightiest scepters in the world. Carrie Walker followed with an essay on Coronation Day, alluding incidentally to the contrast between the modes of travel, libraries, and facilities for the transmission of thought in that time and the present. Helen Zener presented glimpses of the home, life and womanliness of Victoria.

Freddie Litynski took up the artists of the time, those who have given us pen pictures that can never fade.

Ida Mason recited Mrs. Browning's "The Mother and Pet," and Lena David read a selection from the same author. Mary Stafford had a selection from Jean Ingelow. Dickens was represented by a scene from Pickwick, read by Hattie Van Antwerp. Hattie Hughes gave one of Mrs. Caudle's tirades. Selections from Tennyson were especially well rendered by Alice Stephens, Ernest Clark and Ward Patton.

Willie Harris gave Charles Phillips' eloquent tribute to Washington. This was followed by an oration on Disraeli and Gladstone by Clark Tucker. The final issue of the Lyceum paper was then read by Fred Bard.

The literary exercises were interspersed with music. Two songs were sung by a quartette—Hattie Hughes, Mary Stafford, Otto Jacobs and Will Highleyman, with Maude Mosler at the organ. Otto Jacobs gave a vocal solo with guitar, accompaniment. A trio, two banjos and a guitar by Viola Daniels, Hattie Van Dyne and Otto Jacobs was highly appreciated by the audience.

Before the exercises closed, Dr. Richardson was called upon and in a very happy impromptu speech, expressed his approbation of the afternoon's efforts. Messrs. Dalby and Mertz also made brief addresses. The entire affair was highly creditable to the young people engaged, and very enjoyable to those present.

Capitol Recruits.

Sheriff R. W. Pack, of Platte county, passed through the city this morning en-route to Jefferson City, having in charge C. Mitchell, a white man charged with horse-stealing and Charles Lewis, a vicious coon charged with grand larceny, both were convicted at the recent term of the Platte county circuit court and sentenced to four years each in the penitentiary.

Perfect Sight.

As thousands can testify, there is nothing so much to be desired as perfect sight and perfect sight can only be obtained by using perfect spectacles. C. G. Taylor, our home optician, exercises great skill and patience in fitting those needing spectacles with care and comfort to the wearer. 12-11dfr

A CONFIDENCE KID,

Who Plays It Fine on the Sedalia Storekeepers,

And is Slowly But Surely Getting Ready for a Stripped Suit.

Some Little Account of His Most Recent Exploits With Forged Signatures.

The Bazar has been in possession for several days of damaging facts in regard to the adventures of a boy of about twelve or thirteen years of age, and the confidence game he has been playing upon sundry merchants of Sedalia, but refrained from giving publicity to the matter in order to encourage, if possible, by silence, a settlement of the crooked transaction between the parties wronging and wronged. The proceedings are in statu quo, and no nearer adjustment than they were the middle of the week, and the necessity for secrecy seems to have gone out of existence. The crookedness covers a period of some months, but this narrative of a precocious and bad boy's exploits deals only with his doings during the last thirty days.

Early in March an order for a loan amounting to \$3.75 was presented to Mr. J. Blocher, the seedman on Main street, signed by Mrs. E. C. Wilson, a lady living about two miles southeast of Sedalia. Her husband is in the employ of the railroad here. The youth presented the paper, was given the money, as Mrs. Wilson was a good customer of Mr. Blocher, and honored all her contracts. No suspicion of anything wrong was excited.

March 14th, the same lad who is described as a slender, light complexioned boy, of perhaps thirteen, and answering to the name of "Willie," handed in another note signed "Mrs. E. C. Wilson," in which the necessity of "Willie" having a couple of shirts and a hat was suggested, and "Willie" this time secured \$2. Again on the 26th, "Willie" came duly to hand, his note was honored and another couple of dollars were turned over to him.

Mrs. Wilson dropped into Sedalia about the first of the present month to settle her bills, and was much surprised at Blocher's, when the \$7.75 of her account met her eye, she knew nothing about it, hadn't authorized the orders, and in fact, was scarcely able to write her name, for that matter. She gave instructions that in the future, no orders purporting to have come from her, be cashed.

Last week "Willie" turned up again with a note for the loan of \$2 from "Mrs. E. C. Wilson," and Mr. Blocher promptly refused to honor the demand. The boy departed and Mr. Blocher retained the order for future developments. He sent out in the country for Mrs. Wilson, but she has not yet responded.

It was known that Willie went to the Summit school, and an officer went up there and brought down a lad answering Willie's description. He proved not to be the one wanted. Several other lads were brought before Mr. Blocher for identification, but they did not prove to be the right party.

It is now stated that Willie has had a confederate, who writes the orders, and divides up the swag with the misguided youth. It is also reported that Willie's exploits with forged orders have been of interest to Messrs. Brandt, Van Wagner and Neusberger, and possibly some others, but that his wrong-doing has been settled by the payments of the sums he secured thus crookedly.

If "Willie" keeps on, his end will not be very uncertain, if the law succeeds in getting its clutches upon the juvenile offender.

At the Hospital.

The following patients have been admitted to the Missouri Pacific railway hospital since last report:

M. L. Gasser, switchman, Atchison, muscular rheumatism.

Owen Baird, coal heaver, McAlister, I. T., lacerated wound of index finger of left hand.

John Ayres, section laborer, McAlister, I. T., muscular rheumatism. Discharged—Owen Boyle, W. J. Kenyon, Peter Amstutz.

Obituary.

Ernest O. Suess died at Glenwood Springs, Colorado, March 17th, of pneumonia, after an illness of nine days. Mr. Suess was highly esteemed by all who knew him, and although far from relatives, there were true, warm hearted friends who kindly administered to every want.

"Why should we mourn departed friends, Or shrink at death's alarms? 'Tis but the voice of God That calls them to his arms."

—If you are nervous or dyspeptic try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. Dyspepsia makes you nervous, and nervousness makes you dyspeptic; either one renders miserable, and these little pills cure.